

The Historie of

Prince. Well, here is my legge.

Fal. And here is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfayth.

Fal. Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holdes his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene:
For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players,
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammo-
mille the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather
lip, that doth warrant me: If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth
the point; why, being sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? shall
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Black-ber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-
ny in our land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-
ters do report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest:
For Harry, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares:
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in wordes onely, but in woes
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfayth, & a corpulent, of a cheer-
full looke, a pleasing eye, & a most noble carriage, & as I thinke,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now
I remember me, his name is Falstaffe: if that man shold be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For Harry, I see vertue in his lookes; if
then the tree may be knowne by the fruite, as the fruite by the
tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Fal-
staffe, him keepe with, the rest banish: and, tell mee now, thou
naughty varlet, tell mee, where hast thou been this month?

Prince,

Henry the fourth

Prin. Dost thou speake like a king
and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost i-
cally both in word and matter, ha
Rabbit-sucker, or a Poulterers Har-

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iudge

Prin. Now Harry, whence com

Fal. My noble Lord, from Ea

Prin. The complaints I heare o

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they ar
young Prince yfayth.

Prin. Swarest thou, vngracion
on me, thou art violently carried a
uell hauntes thee in the likenesse
is thy companion: why dost thou
humors, that boulding, hutch of b
of Dropsies, that huge bombard o
of guttes, that roasted Manning tr
his belly, that reuerent Vice, tha
Ruffian, that vanity in yeares: wh
Sacke and drinke it? wherein nea
Capon & eate it? wherein cunnin
tie, but in Villanie? wherein villan
in worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace woul
meanes your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abhomin
stafte, that old white-bearded Sat

Fal. My Lord, the man I know

Fal. But to say, I know more l
were to say more then I know: th
tie) his white haire do witnesse it.
uerence) a whoremaster, that I vt
be a fault, God helpe the wicked
sinne, then many an old Host tha
fatte, be to be hated, then Pharaoh
No, my good Lord, banish Pero, b